AUNTIROSA NOW THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE AND BUSINESS.

services of the Delmonteos to New York -The Family and Its Restaurants-Dinners Notable for Their Cost Famous Men Among the Guests Methods of the Business.

Aunt Rosa Delmonico, spinster, 58 years old, is now the head of the famous house which in time has helped to make New York famous. The death of Charles Crist Delmonico at Colorado Springs, Col., on Sept. 20 gave this position to Aunt Rosa, as she is pleasantly called by the Delmonico clique. The late Charles Crist Delmontoo's brother Lorenzo, Aunt Rosa's only surviving nephew, will continue to manage the business. But Aunt Rosa inherits the business. She is thoroughly conversant with its myriad details and, save in memories, Delmonico's will remain the same as it has always been.

Aunt Rosa was the sister of Charles C. Delmonico, Sr., who wandered from his home in Fourteenth street in 1884 and was found dead by Joseph M. Mora and others on Orange Mountain. Charles C., Sr., left the business to his nephew, Charles Crist (written Christ in old Lorenzo Delmonico's will), who added Delmonico to his name and took up the reins. On the death of Charles Crist Delmonico at Colorado Springs the business reverted to his Aunt Rosa. Her only surviving nephew, Lorenzo, as already said, will be her repre

No one can recall the history of Delmonico's for the last seventy-five years without perceiving that the public interest which it awakens is something more than the ordinary curlosity about the details of successful restaurant management. There is in this history a tone of grateful remembrance which implies a general consciousness of obligation, a sense that the Delmonicos did something for New York which others could not have done; that they have been public benefactors. It is not merely that the Delmonicos have had the biggest establishments of their kind in the world, not that they made a great deal of money out of them, but that they conferred a positive benefit upon the community and helped to make New York take its place among the half dozen capitals of the world.

Of course, this feeling may be ascribed to the materialism of a carnal-minded community; but this is a very incomplete view of the subject. New York is undoubtedly a city devoted almost exclusively to material interests. Some insist that it has produced very little in art or literature or science. The great men, it is also declared, are merchants or bankers or brokers or promoters or railroad men. The amusements of New York, it is furthermore averred, are to a very slight degree intellectual. The tone of its society, outsiders declare, is far from serious. In all these respects New York's critics insist that it may be called a headquarters of materialism.

TRUE MISSION OF THE PAMILY. In the hotel dinner of years ago, with its multitude of simultaneously and silently devoured dishes, washed down with fee water, the typical national meal seemed to have been organized. The stience was an essential feature of it Foreigners who came over here fifty years and more ago saw this condition of things with something like horror and wondered, if this was the first stage in the development of national gastronomic customs, what the last would be. It was obviously idle to hope in this state of affairs for any reform from

Although when John and Peter Delmonico, the founders of the house, first came to this country, seventy-five years ago, a reformatory period was at hand kind, no American was found to interest himself in gastronomic reform. Philanthropists took up the cause of the slave; literary men insisted on the creation of a national school of poetry and a national school of fiction; architects began to ask why there was no American architecture, sculptors, why there were no American statues and musical reformers loudly called for an immediate development of the American ear and voice; but amid the general awakening of the country to the fact that it must elevate all its standards not a voice was raised in the cause of the American stomach.

It was at this time and under these circumstances that John and Peter Delmonico came to this country and engaged in the beneficent work which their descendants are still carrying on. Their restaurants have been and are numbered among the institutions of the city, things perfect of their kind and at the same time peculiar to New York. They are places not merely to dine at, but to talk about, to take foreigners to, places to be proud of, places which make the city attractive the world over.

START OF THE DELMONICOS. Back in the fall of 1825, just as this country was gathering strength and happiness and becoming a nation indeed after its second war with England, there plied between the port of New York and the island of Cuba and the West Indies a little threemaster schooner. Its captain-mate and bo's'n, too, for that matter-was a Swiss, named John Delmonico. He was a good eailorman, but fate had other uses for him. He had saved a little money. Not much as things go nowadays, but enough then, and so he gave up the sea and somewhere down on the Battery he opened a little the exact location of which no one can remember, the fortune of the house of Delmonico, or at least the foundation of

John Delmonico sold only French and Spanish wines. He prospered and in 1827 returned to his old home in Switzerland. He returned to New York with his brother Peter, and on Dec. 13 of the same year they ssued a circular in English and French setting forth that they were prepared to him and said supply holiday refreshments, fancy cakes and ices at 21, 23 and 25 William street. Their success was immediate, and in 1832 they opened another shop at 76 Broad street. They invited their nephew, Lorenzo, to come from Switzerland to become associated

with them in the business In the great fire of 1835 the Delmonicos met with disaster; their buildings were burned and for a time they were somewhat harassed. They had friends, though, and in a year or so they bought and built on the property at the junction of Beaver of the old building preserved in the rear.

and Peter Delmonico, the founders of the great singer, joined the party. Lorenzo François, Siro and Constant. They were, Najvolvon Scousparte's hair in the locket Longhi, who now lives in modest retire- take \$10,000 for it.

DELMONICO'S FAMOUS LINE. Brooklyn. François and Constant lived in command of his frigate, the Belle Poule. UGLY, KINDLY GEORGE WEST. but a few years.

It has escaped comment, but immediately after John and Peter got on their feet after the great fire of 1835 they purchased a farm in Brooklyn, of 220 acres, running from River street to Flushing and Gates avenues. This was the garden spot of their lives. Everything was conducted on the lines of their own father's farm n Switzerland

John and Peter were famous deer hunters In 1842 John was out hunting for deer in the woods of Long Island. He shot at one and didn't bring it down. In re-loading his old-fashioned rifle he became greatly agitated and dropped dead of apoplexy. Peter then took Lorenzo into full partnership, and, the place at 76 Broad street having been destroyed by fire the year before, opened in 1846 the Delmonico Hotel at the corner of Broadway and Morris treet, now known as the Stevens House.

CHANGES IN THE BUSINESS.

In 1848 Peter retired from business and eft his nephew Lorenzo as sole proprietor of the William street and Broadway houses Lorenzo's brother Siro was associated with him. In 1855 the lower Broadway house was abandoned and a new restaurant opened at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street. In 1861, the first year of the war, the large place at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street was opened. In 1876 the Chambers street restaurant and the Fourteenth street establishment were abandoned. The Chambers street place was moved to Broadway one door north of Pine, where the Café Savarin now is, and the great establishment at Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth street took the place of the Fourteenth street establishment. At the same time a restaurant was opened on Broadway just north of Worth street. This did not remain long in existence. Five years ago the great place at Fifth avenue and Fortyfourth street was opened. This is considered the finest of all the Delmonico places in all the seventy-five years of the

family's career. Lorenzo, who had been the life and soul f the whole business, died Sept. 8, 1881. Siro, his brother, survived him only a short time and died Dec. 19, 1881. Siro was the last of the Delmonico brothers. Lorenzo, Siro, François and Constant, the nephews of the founders of the house. John and Peter. Siro died suddenly after a late supper at Brown's old chop house in Twenty-sixth street. Less than ten days before his death his physician said

rettes as you have for some time past you nay expect to die soon and suddenly; if you let up you may live twenty years. All this time Lorenzo and Siro had had the valuable aid of their nephew Charles

Crist Delmonico and he succeeded to the ousiness on their deaths. In January, 1884, occurred the melancholy death of Charles Crist Delmonico on Orange Mountain and Charles Crist, his nephew, assumed the surname Delmonico and had charge of the business until his death at Colorado Springs a week ago. So much for the succession of the family.

BUN ON MILITARY PRINCIPLES.

The stories of the Delmonicos would fill a volume. A word first as to the management of their various establishments. Everything is conducted upon military principles. Everybody keeps his own place. The great chef directs from his office all his army of cooks like a General. He does nothing himself, but gives his orders through his lieutenants, the head sauce cook, the head roast cook, the head vegetable cook, the head pardemanger meaning the man who supervises the butcher, the fancy dishes, the decorations, fish, poultry, game and meat salads; the head pastry cook, the head confectioner and ice cream man and the night chef. turn give them to their subordinates.

Throughout the entire Delmonico es tablishment the same military order prevails. The managers give their orders to the stewards, the latter to the head waiters, while the last-named give their instructions to the waiters, bellboys, pantry girls and silver men. Each one has his own duties to perform and pays no attention to what his neighbor is doing. All work together in harmony, a state of affairs that you will hardly find in many

catering establishments. An enormous quantity of supplies is needed at the Delmonico establishmenta every day and everything is purchased upon a systematic plan. Every evening each head of department puts on a market list what articles he has on hand and gives it to the head chef; the latter on the same list adds the additional articles wanted by him on the following day. The next morning each head of department receives his allotment of goods for the day and is held responsible for its quality. These things come to him directly from the dealer be returned at once and on his list he must Contracts are made every year with several large firms who bind themselves to meet any requisition for supplies made upon them by Delmonico, no matter how large

the order may be. It has been said that a man must have the qualities of a statesman to run a firstclass restaurant successfully. Old Lorenzo Delmonico had a genius for management, and it seems to remain in the family. he was alive the men of the establishment used to stand around as though under the orders of a Napoleon. Everything was systematic. No su perfluous person or thing was ever about the place. He had a remarkable knowledge of the details of his business and nothing escaped his attention. An incident that occurred in the old Fourteenth street house is worth telling. One of the hallboys was wrapping a dinner roll in rather a large sheet of paper some 18 by 24 inches. Mr. Delmonico happened to see

"Boy, take that roll out of that paper! Now, tear the paper in half; and now tear This one of the halves in two. You can now wrap up the roll in a quarter of the sheet There! It looks better, and you have saved three-quarters of a sheet of paper. If you use a whole sheet again for so small

a bundle I will discharge you!" NOTABLES AT DELMONICO'S

There can be no satisfactory list given of the notables whose palates have been tickled by the Delmonicos. The delicious dinners, the delightful suppers, the dainty and South William streets. This building | breakfasts, the old wines ah! thousands was torn down in 1800 to make room for the ; that partock of them are on the other side fine modern structure which now adorns of the Styx. Away back in the early days that corner. There are some reminders one of the great patrons was Charles Louis Napoleon, known as Louis Napoleon, after-One is a pair of marble pillars and the cor-nice, which were brought from Pompeil. and later Emperor of the French. Napo-They formed the old doorway and they loon always direct at the Hotel Delmomos There were then in the country John Wallack, and later on Jenny Lind, the house, and their nephew Lorenzo. Three Delmonico was a great admirer of Louis either nephews came over from Switzerland Napoleon and used to wear a lock of secompanied by a cousin, John Napoleon of his watch chain and would not, be said,

at this port in 1840, was in the habit of tak-

ing regularly his dinner and his ease ashore The opening in 1861 of the Fourteenth street house at once eclipsed the glories of all the other establishments. During its existence it received Princes of roya and imperial blood, the Grand Duke Alexis. and Charles Dickens. There Morse received his final crown from an assemblage comprising all the distinguished men of science of the country. Gen. Winfield

Scott lived there. Within its walls William H. Seward and harles Sumner spoke and Abraham Lincoin threw off his quaint and curiously crusted jests. Here Andrew Johnson and Gen. Grant sat down at meat together. Indeed, there has not been a President of the United States from 1832 to the present hour who has not been entertained at Dei-

ANDREW JOHNSON AND DICKENS Lincoln dined there whenever he was in

the city. One day he sent for Lorenzo Delmonico and said: "Mr. Delmonico, in my home in Wash-

ington, there are many mansions, but alas! we have no cooks like yours."

Lincoln, the railsplitter and victor over the polished Stephen A. Douglas, soon learned the ways of luxury. One night, Andy Johnson, as his intimates called him-he was President Johnson to othershad been dining at the Fourteenth street establishment with friends. He was to sleep at another hotel but changed his mind and announced he would remain

"I will have a room prepared at once said Lorenzo Delmonico, "and then when your colored man has put your Excellency bed I will have a bed made up for him "You may prepare as many beds for him as you like." replied the President, "but I can tell you one thing-that boy sleeps with me . And he did.

When Charles Dickens was in New York the last time he made his home further uptown, but was a frequent visitor at the Fourteenth street house. He was a heavy ester and a heavier drinker. Two bottles of champagne at luncheon were a mere trifle to him, but his favorite was

"Give me a thimbleful of brandy," said Dickens one day as he was about driving to the lecture hall.

A bottle and a tumbler were produced, and considering the size of the "thimble" and the fact that it was full, it may be said that he took a tolerably good drink

TWO COSTLY DINNERS. Probably the most expensive dinner ever given at the Fourteenth street place was that given by Mr. Morton Peto to the tea and coffee merchants of New York, 200 in number. It cost \$25,000. The rarest wines and the most elaborate decorations were mere incidents. The menu cards were of gold and the guests sat on silk broidered. In the centre of the table was a miniature lake in which swam swans taken from Central Park. Clara Louise Kellogg received \$1,000 for singing two songs at this feast and a present besides of a diamond bracelet. The salon was

smothered in flowers. Another dinner given at one of the Delmonico establishments for ten people cost \$400 a plate. It was luxurious enough to be classical. The waiters, five of them, were dressed as sailors. The host was a vachteman and he bought the waiters' clothes. The guests drank, or, rather, tasted, every vinted liquor that ever has been brought to America. They finished with a pousse café made of eleven liqueurs.

Refore each plate sat a cut glass basin about twenty inches in diameter and four inches deep. Each was nearly filled with water perfumed with ottar of roses, on the surface of which floated half-open pond lilies. In the basin a perfect model the vacht owned by the host was placed rail, wheel for steering, brass work, such as belaying pins and binnacle, man ropes worked and trimmed with sailor knots. scraped pine masts and booms, rigging of silken cords colored as it would be in the original and sails of satin. There was a

Howlands, Van Burens, Aspinwalls, Hones, Minturns, Stuvvesants, Duers, Javs. Morgans, Livingstons and Cuttings and other famous New York families; of that bright and happy set represented by Billy Florence, T. Henry French, John McCullough, Charley Osborne, Billy Connor, Wright Sanford, William R. Travers, Leonard and Lawrence Jerome, Sam Ward and John Hoey. They are now memories. James

R. Keene and Frank Work and Joe Mora

and Col. Miles O'Brien are about the only

ones left of the real old Delmonico set. C. C. DELMONICO AS HIS GUESTS SAW HIM Not one in a thousand of the frequenters of Deimonico's knew the late Charles Crist write in the article or articles sent back. Delmonico. But after he was once pointed out nobody could enter the Forty-fourth street establishment without observing the small, slim gentleman neatly dressed in black who lingered unobtrusively near the doors, quietly turning his pale, keen face and quick, sharp eyes upon every visitor. He knew everybody. No tramps or beggars or bunco steerers or stool pigeons infest Delmonico's. It is as if the house were a club which none but gentlemen were allowed to enter. There is always the peace, order, comfort and elegance

for which Delmonico's is famous. The Delmonicos were Swiss and not Frenchmen by birth, but never in its palmi-est days could Paris boast better restaurateurs. It frequently happens, for in stance, that a Frenchman, or a German or an Italian or a Swiss comes to this metropolis and opens a restaurant at which for awhile a capital dinner can be obtained After a few months, however, the cuisi ne begins to decline or the prices become terly unreasonable or the establishment situated in an inaccessible and gloomy reet to which neither men nor women I good position care frequently to repair. ver the case with the Delmoni

Pitcher McJames's Death.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 2s - According to statement made here just previous to his death. Dr James McJames, known as "Jimmy MoJames," the basebail pitcher, was first attacked by the heat while playing at St Louis early in July During the oppressively warm weather McJames went in the box for the Brooklyn team, but he had to quit the game after the third inning. After that he was unable to do effective work and his release quickly followed. Soon after his return to his home in Cheraw he was thrown from a buggy while his runaway horse dashed through the streets, and he was sent to Charleston for treatment. He did not recover from that trouble and other complications which set in proved fatal.

The father of McJames, who is a well-known physician at Cheraw, was bitterly opposed to his professional career on the diamond and made a strong exposition to his plane. The young pitcher had decided to return the permental from the bas buil field at the close of last season's wor, but the ing minducements offered by Manager Hanlen at the beginning of the season were too temptons to be ignorred. death, Dr. James McJames, known as "Jimmy

at the beginning of the season were too tempo-ing to be ignored. Medames had just beer graduated from the South Carolina Medica.

LOVABLE TRAITS OF THE EX-CONGRESSMAN JUST DEAD.

Jokes He Used to Make About His Looks A Trick Played by Political Opponents -Came Here a Poor Boy, Died Rich -His One Really Great Sorrow.

The late Congressman George West of Baliston Spa was, with the exception of the late State Senator George Zerubbabe! Erwin of Potsdam, the homeliest man in the Empire State. He was also one of the folliest and most popular Republicans in

Instead of being sensitive on the A Hishop's Scheme for Putting an End subject of his looks, he fairly revelled in any incident or joke that accentuated and called attention to his general make-up. He was witty, humorous and gay, and although nearly 80 when he died the other day, he was considered one of the boys" at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and was as active and exuberant as the next. He was worth \$3,000,000 at the time of his death. Yet be never adorned himself in fine raiment. He was plain in attire

almost to severity. He was known as Uncle George West, He was always a warm supporter of former United States Senator Warner Miller in Republican State politics. He was a State Assemblyman and a member of Congress. Whenever Uncle Ceorge heard of a homely

man he laughed and said
"They say I can't hold a candle to him
Well. I have taken the blue ribbon in the
State Legislature and held my own in ongress, where the beauties are scarce a hen's teeth."

Probably the highest tribute to Uncle

George's unique appearance was paid to him nearly ten years ago in San Fran-cisco. He was a Mystic Shriner and went one of the big excursions of the order the Pacific slope never knew great honor awaited

in the West," he said later in telling of the trip, "but even now I take off my hat to the ladies of 'Frisco because they paid me a great compliment. After arriving at the Golder, Gate city, we went upon an excursion down the bay and the ladies on the least almost upon juvely voted that I was boat almost unanimously voted that I was the handsomest man that they had ever seen from the effete East. And I guess they were right. That refutes the impu-tation made by New Yorkers that I am not beautiful."

Then Uncle George's gray eyes would twinkly with morrimont. He would raise

twinkle with merriment. He would raise his hat in salutation to the ladies and add: "God bless the fair women of San Franclaco: they have excellent taste and know

handsome man when they see him."
Mr. West was short and had short legs. an immense body, a large, agressive mouth, a large flat nose and a forehead that was round and high His long gray beard added to his striking and original appearance His political success was largely due to his unique appearance and his ability to say something witty and apposite thereto. Often his resilited to defen his resilited to defend the results of the striked to defend the results of the second transfer of the results of the second transfer of the often his political opponents tried to de-feat him on the slimmest kind of pretext. They even went so far as to distribute thousands of his pictures in his distribu-but the trick acted like a boomerang. In 1876 he was a member of the Assem-bly and one day after he had been upall night working on some bills in behalf of

night working on some bills in behalf of the workingman, he sat back in his chair and went sound asleep. That was too good a chance to escape his political op-ponents, and they not only had him photo-graphed asleep, but also got several light-ting sketch artists to caricature him. The ning sketch artists to caricature him. The caricatures represented him with his feet on his desk and his head rolled back, fast asleep. Ten thousand of the caricatures asleep. Ten thousand of the caricatures which had been photographes. The seat-tered broadcast in his district with this legend printed on them:

had never seen him, and the photographs were revelations to them. Mr West used to say "I win many votes by not showing myself" But the caricatures really created the man of experience. "Of course dates to speak in every town. His op-ponents chuckled and said "Now we've get him; that face will knock him out." got him, that fare will knock him out.

Thousands turned out to see and thim, and he won them all. His frajolly way of taking the audience into confidence, his witty remarks about beauty, and the delightful sarcasm will beauty, and the delightful sarcasin which to produce the sprinkled over his opponents fairly captured his hearers. He was cheered and applauded and overwhelmingly respected. In truth, the pictures of him sleeping gave him such a boost politically that they landed him eventually in Congress and made him a national figure.

The late Mr. Erwin, ex-Speaker of the Assembly, ex-State Senator and a noted parliamentarian, was a rival of Uncle George parliamentarian, was a rival of Uncle George so far as looks went. But he was extremely sensitive on the subject and never liked to loke about it. Mr. West used to plague Mr. Erwin. He would look Mr. Erwin steadily in the face, sigh and say: "We are a beautiful pair to draw to, are we not?"

Mr. West came to America in 1849. He was born in Bradwineh, near Exeter, Devonshire, England, and before he was 8 years old he became a breadwinner by working in a paper factory. Just before he died in a paper factory. Just before he died he owned ten large paper nills, five or six newspapers in the interior of the State, a croosote factory, half a dozen mines in the West and vast tracts of real estate. While in Congress he good-naturedly bought almost anything that his fellow Congressmen recommended or appeared to and he usually came out ahead in the bargain.

Mr. West used to tell of the only really great sorrow of his life. He said one day to the writer.

to the writer

"I am worth a great deal of money. I would give it all to know where my youngest child is buried. You see when Mother and I landed at Castle Garden from the and I landed at Castle Garden from the old country in 1849 we were very poor. Our baby became sick and died. We had no money to bury dear little baby and they took her from us.

"Ah! my son, I have hunted the records."

many years and visited all the graveyards in New York city below Canal street, in the hope that I could get some trace of the dear dead baby's resting place. I have

dear dead baby's resting place. I have cried, oh! so many times, over that sad day and so has Mother, bless her. But if we cannot find baby here we'll find her in heaven and that thought comforts Mother and me.

Uncle George and 'Mother,' as he fondly called Mrs. West, who died two years ago, lived to have a dozen and more children and grandchildren around their fireside on Christmes nights, but always, in quiet moments, would come up the tenderest thoughts of the dear little baby buried somewhere in the wilderness of New York's omes here in the wilderness of New York's

everiasting whirl.

Uncle the regret gave a costly memorial window to the little church in Bradwinch, in whose churchyard his mother is burned. He remembered always in practical ways his poor relatives in England. He left his home a poor factory lad. He returned many times to be greeted by the best people of the neighborhood, and he always carried with tim in memory of those distressingly poor days a piece of paper he made in northern England showing the watermark of 1857. He was intensely English and intensely American His devotion in Queen Victoria was sublime and yet his loyalty to the flag of his adopted country was one of the truly beautiful traits in his

was one of the truly beautiful traits in his homely body Mr West was one of the merriest spirits at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He stopped a) that hotel from the day it was opened, more than forty years ago. He was a rich man when he was 42 and could "afford He deln't care for the theatre or the operation of the solution of the solutio

a little and occasionally to enjoy a little toddy before turning in at night.

He would gather his friends around him at the hotel and between the whifs of a fragrant cigar and with the aroma of one of Jim Gray's pungent toddies Uncle George would dilate on all of the questions of the day, religious, political business for all

day, religious political, business, for all the world like the gentle, lovable old Pick-wick that he was in heart and mind. Uncle George in these conversations never forgot for an instant that he was a deeply religious man, and while he did not parade his thoughts there was many a man among those who surrounded him on such occasions who did not forget to say, "God rest his honest soul," when all that was mortal of Mr. West was lowered

into the grave the other day

to Polygamy Among African Natives.

The missionaries in South Africa recently held a convention in Natal. Among the questions that claimed their attention was that of polygamy among the natives. They discussed the practicability of making crusade against this custom. Many of them declared that the practice was con demned not only by moral but also by business considerations. The Bishop of Mashonaiand asserted that the country might find in polygamy the real reason for the very inconvenient dearth of labor in the mines.

The native father looks upon his daughter merely as so much merchandise. He will cheerfully part with her if he can get what he considers to be her value in cattle. The girl is sold to her future husband for from five to fifty head of cattle, according to her beauty as that quality is estimated among the natives. An exceedingly fat girl is very beautiful indeed, and brings the highest price in the matrimonial market.

The father of a family who raises a large

number of daughters is certain to become rich. The more wives he has the more daughters are in prospect. thus it is highly desirable to have quite a number of wives. The young man who agrees to sell his labor for a stipulated time in the gold or diamond mines has only one thought, and that is to get some money with which he may pur hase cattle and exchange them for a wife

When he has secured this desirable ob ject he will do no more work for the white man till he wants more wives. In the sell and then he will do no more work at all. His wives will do all the field work his daughters will bring in more cattle and his herds will grow also by natural increase. Between wives, daughters and cattle he will be able to lead a life of gentlemanly leisure

The Bishop of Mashonaland proposed a plan which, if carried into effect, would, his opinion, put an end to polygamy He would have the Government view all wives, except the first, as articles of luxury and tax them in a progressive scale. Wife No. 1 should be exempt from taxation, but the husband should pay a tax of \$25 a year for the luxury of having wife No 2 in his family, \$50 a year for wife No. 1 \$100 a year for wife No. 4, and so on. It is evident that at this rate it would take a very long purse or a very well-stocked cattle vard to keep the native home adorned with a goodly number of wives.

The convention did not commit itsel this or any other plan for doing away with polygamy, and it remains to be seen what the white legislators of South Africa will think of the novel scheme suggested by the Bishop of Mashonaland.

CHINESE HAVE HELLO HABIT. Many Who Take Childish Delight in Using the Telephone.

"I had quite a turn when I went into Columbus avenue drugstore the other day said the man of experience. "Of course your natural born days. there is no reason in the world why a Chinaas a Frenchman or a German or an American, but it had never occurred to me tha they were enterprising enough to avail themselves of their prerogative in that direction, and I stood staring at the fellow as if he had been a museum curiosity. I had the effrontery to listen to his conver sation, too, a proceeding for which I had no earthly excuse, for the man got his number as easily as you or I could have done and

talked just as intelligently.

"Even after he had transacted his business and had paid his toll and gone out, I couldn't get the apparent incongruity of the situa-tion out of my mind, and I asked the druggist what he thought about it. To my surprise, he said it was not an unusual occurrence. It seems that there are three or four China-men in the neighborhood who have learned the value of the telephone as a labor saver, and instead of attentions to all their little and instead of attending to all their little errands in person they send their messages by wire. So far as the druggist can make out these men are all laundrymen. Judging by their conversation there seems no urgent necessity for communicating with their customers, but having once mastered the mysteries of the telephone, they selze every opportunity to experiment with the worders even though the reference. selze every opportunity to experiment with
its wonders, even though the performance
does call for the expenditure of a dime.
"Since then I have made inquiries in
other parts of the city where Chinamen
abound and I have been told that once a
Chinaman has learned English well enough
talk clearly and sanely he is extremely to talk clearly and sanely he is extremely anxious to study out the secrets of a tele-phone booth. That step being taken, he velops a postitive mania for this system develops a positive mania for this system of communication, and the proprietors of public telephones maintain that often they call up a number for which they apparently have not the slightest need, simply that they way includes the telephone half they may incluige the telephone habit they have

"This class of Chinese does not include the well-to-do merchants who have their own phones, over which they transact much legitimate business, but consists of the floating Mongolian population, many of whom are chock full of modern ideas which, in their opinion, can be best displayed by patronizing a telephone."

SHE'S A OUEER FAIRY. Respects Inaccurate.

From the London Daily Express The name, at any rate, has at last been discovered of the mysterious and beautiful lady who, as recorded in the Express a week or so ag', has lately been making her home on the senshore in a lonely spot on the Argylishire coast. She is Miss Margaret Mac-Dougal. But at that point information ceases. Young and singularly attractive,

Don't Lose Your Grip

Gray hairs often stand in the way of advancement for both men and women, socially and in business. Many men are failing to secure good positions just because they look "too old," and no one knows how many women have been disappointed in life because they have failed to preserve that attractiveness which so largely depends on the hair.

HAY'S HAIR-HEALTH

Free Soap Offer Good for 250. cake

Cut our and sign this coupon in five days, take it to any of the following druggists and they will give you a large bottle of Hay's Hair-Health and a 2sc. cake of Hartine Redicated Soap, the best soap for Hart. Scale. Complexion, Bath and Toulet, both for Fifty ents, regular price, 2sc. Redeemed by leading druggists everywhere at their shops only, or by the Philo Hay Specialties Co. 200 Lalayette St., Newark, N.J., either with or without soap, by express, prepaid, in plain sealed package on receipt of foc. and this coupon.

GUARANTEE Any person purchasing Hay's Hair-Health anywhere in the U.S. who has not been benefited, may have his money back by addressing Pittle Hay Special First Co. 201 Lalyette St. Newsic, N. J. Refuse embititutes. Insitt on having Hay's Hair-Health.

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THOMPSON, 1534 Myrite ave.
WELLS, 536 Fifth ave.
WELLS, 546 Fifth ave.
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"I reckon it was a great race," said the visitor who came up from the first day's meeting of the yachts. "It was the first yacht race I ever saw. Biest if I can see,

though, how you people can get so excited "This coming back is more to my fancy than the yachts. It reminds me of the good old racing on the river, way back. I know

"There was the Jeemes H. Lucas race Big Muddy. The Lucas had won the horns answering to your America's Cup for making the quickest trip from St. Louis

to St. Joe. The Monongahela was a clipper. but she had never competed for the horns. I was a passenger on the Monongahela on the occasion of her triumph over the Lucas. "We had been loafing along and had put into Quindaro, Kan., for a passenger. was on the hurricane deck with old Cap. Cox. He was more like a Presbyterian preacher in appearance than a bontman.

He looked up stream and saw a cloud of black smoke in the bend of the river. Then he looked up at his pilot and asked what boat it was that was snooping around the cottonwoods. The pilot said it was the Lucas. Quicker than I can tell you Cap. Cox veiled out to the deckhand on shore to cast off the headline, and then to the mate to haul in that stage plank, what you call a gang way, gentlemen.

"It was always the custom for a steamboat to whistle just before she pulled out from her landing. Old Cap. Cox turned to his pilot and told him to lose no time whistling. The bells jingled to back the Monongahela hard Well, gentlemen, she turned amid stream so quick that she changed the course of the wind. She was bound down before you could count ten. and her paddles were churning up the sand on the bottom of the Big Muddy as if a thousands devils had been after us.

"The night came on and the big smokestacks of the Monongahela spouted more sparks than there were stars in the Milky Way. Now it was generally understood there was to be no racing down stream at night. But everything was fair in a

s teamboat race in the 'way-back time
"It was usually the custom to the up at night. There was always somebody aboard to read a chapter from the Bible and pray On this occasion we had a Baptist minister Old Cap. Cox, sent or him to come up on the hurricane deck and told him he didn't want any religious services in the cabin that night, as it would interfere with the pleasure of the passengers. The preacher agreed that he couldn't offer a proper invocation while there was a race on, and so there was no service. Old Cap Cox told me asked a woma afterward that he had sent word to his steward to hide the Bible, as a precaution, now word to him to the bible, as a precaution of the bible was a precaution.

A RACE OF OTHER DAYS. so it was all the way down. Some of us Old Cap. Cox Who Burned His Bible to Beat the Champion.

Look our meals on the hurricane deck. Old Cap. Cox never shut his eyes all the way down to St. Louis. He had hardly time to eat, but occasionally he took a swig out of some passenger's black betty.

Did we beat the Lucas to St. Louis?
That's my recellection, gentlemen. During a meal, the first on the trip, after wagot in, somebody came in and said the Lucas was whistling for port. But it created no sensation. Nobody cared. Old. Cap. Cox threw his arms around the Bap-tist preacher and told him be could pray, but nobody could find the Bible. The steward said he threw it down to the stoker. steward said he threw it down to the stoker who pitched it into the furnace. That always gave Old Cap. Cox a chance to say, when telling of his triumphs, that the Monogahela the Missouri, you have lost more fun and excitement than you will ever be able to stock up during the remainder of

EXTREMES IN THE SHOPS. Poor Girls and Rich Women Who Alike Want Scraps of Goods.

The girl's clothes were neat and her face was pretty, but she looked rather out of place in an ultra fashionable and high priced Broadway dry goods store. One would expect her to do her shopping in another quarter of the town where the stores are more crowded and the fabrics not so costly. Her air showed entire self-possession, however, when she strode up to a cloth counter.

Have you anything to match this?" she asked, turning up the sleeve of her coat. "Hum, let me see," said the man behind the counter. "How much would you

"Only a small piece," said the girl promptly. 'This is my winter jacket, and I've got to wear it another season, t's worn a little on the edge of the sleeve here," pointing to the frayed part, "and I want just enough to make new cuff for it though maybe you'd have a scrap that you had no use for."

"I see," said the clerk, eying her in no unkindly way. "How would this do?" and he showed her a strip of cloth which he look from a box on the shelf.

The girl laid the fragment on her coat and made a critical comparison. "That's the very thing I want," she said finally "But there isn't quite enough in

this piece. 'Are you sure it wont do," asked the

"Yes " returned the giri looking wistfully at the cloth, "I'm sure it's not enough." The clerk leaned over the counter and glanced keenly up and down the aisle, Then he pulled down a roll of the goods which matched the girl's coat and, cutting

"Take it along, Miss," he said goodnaturedly I guess you've got enough

The girl thanked him smiling brightly. and hastened from the store with her prize.
Do you have many calls like that? asked a woman who was buying dress goods

"It's a hard stery to ask you gentlemen to believe, but it's a fact that the bar on the Monongaleia shut up that night. Every body was on the hard a story when I remind you that in those days meet travellers carried their own bottle for fear the bar stock might run short.

"Next morning we had to run in to wood up. Everybody who could turned out to help. Even the passengers helped The Lucas hove in sight while we were there. She was marking the heavens with hlack clouds of snoke. The Monongahela hadn't tied up, but the current was so swift that the bar on the bar stock might run short.

"Oh. my, yes," returned the clerk. "A good many. And we always try to accommedate them. It's only by helping each other that we get along in this world. Her wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course don't have don't nake a business of giving away our goods. That would hardly do flot in a store of this kind the clerks in charge of childs and entis un hand at times and we are allowed to give them away if we see fit."

Don't you over make a livays try to accommedate them. It's only by helping each other that we get along in this world. And we always try to accommedate them. It's only by helping each other that we get along in this world. It was to keep herself looking neat. Of course that the bar on the wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course the wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course the wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course the wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course the wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course the wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course the wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course the wages are small, very small yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course the wages are small, very small yet "Oh, my, yes," returned the clerk. "A

with great masses of brown hair worn loose over her shoulders, or lightly hed with a piece of ribbon, she has been residing on the Ardmaddy beach at high water mark without shelter and without food of any kind save shellters and offers of food, clothing or money, the most extraordinary stories are current about the fair unknown, of which the following a hour the fair unknown, of which the following a large supplied by a local correspondent are a fair sample.

When at leigure, the correspondent are a fair sample when at leigure, the correspondent are a forest of the kinds and knits; and the ball of worsted newer seems to decrease an size. She talk flower seems to decrease an size, She talk and to fine the property seems to the size of colds and enison hand at times and we cannot a size allowed to give them away if an a store of this lond the clerks in charges of important counters have principles not into two of the passengers helped. The clies and at time and the size of the size of this lond the clerk of the passengers helped. The clies and at time and the size is the same is an attraction of the ball them to the newer heads to the size of the size of the size and the size of the